

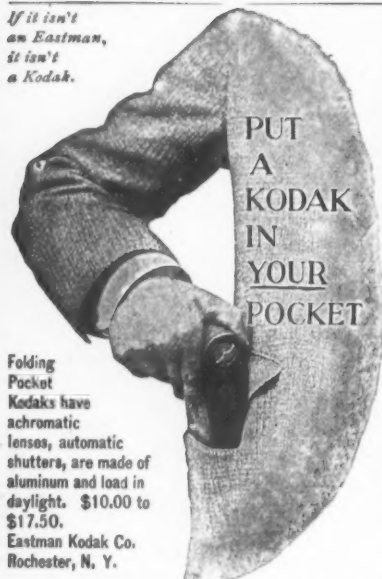
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it isn't
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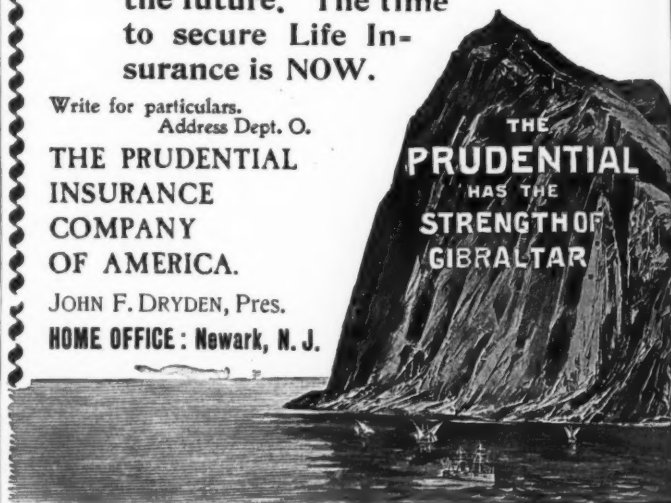
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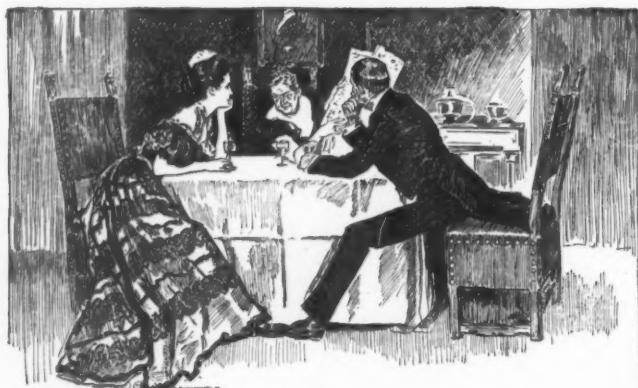
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LIFE.

Cupid's Archery.



I WATCHED the blind god's archery;
Each arrow sped straight to its mark.
I asked myself how this could be,
Since he was shooting in the dark.

"I need no skill to play this game,"
Methought I heard Dan Cupid say.
"My foolish victims watch my aim
And hasten to get in my way."

Isaac Anderson.

A Question of Expense.

"**Y**OU ought to play golf, old man."

Whittler laid his hand on his friend Caterby's arm and looked at him with that anxious, condescending and impassioned look that the missionary displays over an unwilling convert. "My wife and I," he said, "have become so much interested in the game that we care for little else."

Caterby eyed him with the disgust and quasi-toleration that a reasonable being feels toward any form of mild insanity.

"Don't you find it a trifle expensive?" he asked mildly, as if he had intended not to excite the patient too much.

"That's the best part of the

whole thing," said Whittler. "I save money. It's true our clubs are continually breaking down and we have to get new ones."

"That must be quite an item," suggested Caterby. "Then you have your dues and other incidentals."

"Yes," returned Whittler, calmly. "It is true that we can't turn around that we don't have to spend money on the greatest game in the world. We lose almost six balls every time we play. The caddies count up, too. When we have friends, as we often do, they are extra. The club strikes me for a subscription every once in a while, and what with lunches and wear and tear, it makes things pretty lively."

"Then what on earth," de-



"NOW, THAT'S JUST YOUR SIZE. IT FITS YOUR KOPJE EXACTLY."



Said this candid old chef from Cologne,
"To be humbly content I am brogue;
My name is not Guelph
Yet I flatter myself
I should look rather well on a throgne."



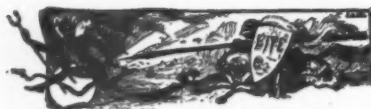
manded Caterby, "do you mean by saying that you save money?"

"Why, my dear boy," replied Whittler, with a superior smile, "for three months now my wife hasn't had time to do a day's shopping in town."

Tom Masson.

MRS. PROBE: That man who had typhoid sends word he can't pay your bill for a month yet.

DR. PROBE: Confound him! I almost wish he hadn't been sick!



"While there is Life there's Hope."

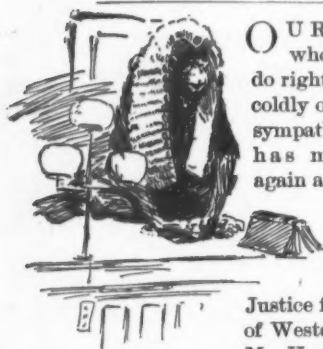
VOL. XXXV. JUNE 14, 1900. No. 918.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication 25 cents.

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OUR President, whose struggles to do right are too often coldly observed by unsympathetic critics, has made himself again a mark for censure by appointing Mr. John R. Hazel to be a Federal

Justice for the District of Western New York.

Mr. Hazel lives in Buffalo. He seems to be a more or less worthy gentleman, whose habits are good, who has never been convicted of bigamy or any other crime, who is of age and a voter, and is qualified in many particulars to be appointed to office. Yet strenuous objection is made to his becoming a United States District Judge with a salary of five thousand dollars a year, and at this writing it seems not impossible that his nomination may not be confirmed by the Senate.

And what is the objection to Mr. Hazel? We are told that during the late war with Spain a yacht owner paid him five thousand dollars to sell a yacht to the Government for somewhat more than it was worth. Some critics censure him for that, but certainly the exploit was worth five thousand dollars, and he earned the money. The Government was paying more for yachts than they were worth at that time, and every one who had yachts to sell, sold them for all they could get, and thanked Heaven for the chance to

show their patriotism. The objection to Mr. Hazel which his critics find most important is that though he has been admitted to the bar and is a practicing lawyer, his real profession has been politics. In that he has shown himself astute and successful, but his devotion to it has kept him out of the courts, and it is vehemently denied that he knows law enough to make a respectable judge.

Senator Platt selected Mr. Hazel for judge because he was a handy man in politics. The President accepted Mr. Platt's selection because Mr. Platt himself is in politics and a handy man. The sentiment of Mr. Hazel's opponents is that judges should be chosen for professional fitness and that Mr. Hazel is not professionally fit. So the opposition to him is healthy; more power to it.

The President has not a good eye for judges. He seems willing to appoint to any court, even the highest, as unfit a man as the Senate will accept. His record in this respect makes a bad showing beside that of President Harrison. He can make good appointments when he chooses, and undoubtedly he would exercise a stricter discrimination in selecting judges if he thought that, politically, it would pay. It is proper, therefore, that we should hope that the din of complaint over Mr. Hazel's nomination may be great enough to catch the President's attention, and linger in his memory.



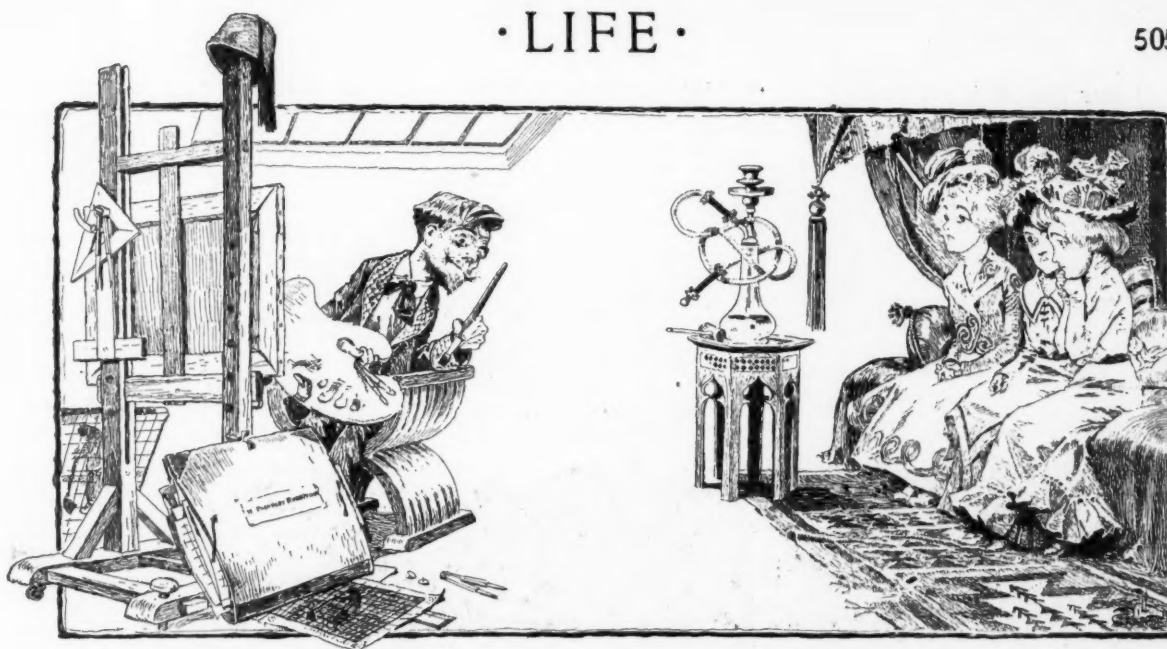
THE nominating conventions are imminent, but the American public is giving them little thought. Other matters occupy our attention. The Sultan of Turkey has not paid us what he owes yet, and we are wondering as to his intentions; the Yale societies have not made it clear to us that they have straightened their tangles out, and we are anxious on their account; there are very turbulent doings in China, we are considering how far it is our duty as a world-power to interfere; General Otis has got home, and his neighbors in Rochester are very properly exalting him as a worthy soldier, and we have to keep an eye

on that. Then there has been Chicago with its obstinate difficulties in the building trades, and St. Louis with a bad street railway strike on its hands, and San Francisco with anxieties about the plague. And there is Kentucky! There is enough to worry about if one is of that turn of mind, but no one seems to be losing sleep except about such prosaic personal matters as making a living, and getting out of town, and dodging mosquitoes, and keeping well. Even the Paris fair does not excite us, though the pictures of it are pretty. Nobody is buying stocks to excess just now. Matters move calmly. The golfers play golf; the automobile fanciers enjoy their toys. It is good for us to have spells of mental repose, but if only the Democrats should nominate a real man at Kansas City on July 4, how marvellously it would wake things up!



THE British at this writing are not yet in Pretoria, but they have saved Johannesburg and the precious mines, and the larger operations of war in the Transvaal are undoubtedly coming to an end. Whether the Boers will be any more readily pacified than the Filipinos remains to be seen. The Filipino fights nowadays because he feels like it, and because killing an American now and then satisfies his cravings. That he is himself usually killed in the process does not seem to trouble him. He is not particularly calculating in his acrimony, but he is uncommonly persistent.

The Boer, as we understand him, has vastly more hard sense and power of computation than the Filipino, and ought to know when he is beaten, and give up. But his resentments are very durable, and there is no telling how much costly pacification he will demand. One cheering report about the Transvaal war is that a large share of the cost of it is likely to be assessed upon the mines. We must hope that that is true. The mines were the chief bone of contention, and the first thing to do after the fight is to eat up the bone.



"OH! MR. RUBBITOUT, ARE YOU A TRUE ARTIST? DO YOU BELIEVE IN ART FOR ART'S SAKE; OR DO YOU PAINT YOUR PICTURES TO SELL?"
 "WELL—ER—I—I ACCEPT MONEY. BUT NOT VERY MUCH MONEY."

A Rumor Confuted.

A SHELTERED nook,
 A pleading look
 From a pair of timid eyes;
 Some nothings said,
 And a dainty head
 Upon my shoulder lies.

The fragrance rare
 Of elf-spun hair
 Seeps into my soul as wine,
 And original bliss
 Is born of the kiss
 Of trembling lips to mine.

'Tis a tale as old
 As the hills, I'm told,
 But, of course, that isn't so;
 For how could there be
 Such love when she
 Was not? I'd like to know.

Willis B. Hawkins.

THE easiest man in the world
 to bunco is the man who
 has had enough success to make
 him have confidence in his own
 judgment.

FROM the cradle to the
 grave—from Brooklyn to
 Philadelphia.

IT is true that money talks,
 but when it is allowed to
 do all the talking it gets to be a
 dreadful bore.

A Wise Parent.

MISS SUMMIT: It's remarkable that Lord Pace-Pelham,
 who married Clara Van Antler, should still be devoted
 to her at the end of five years.

MISS PALISADE: Oh, I don't know. You remember her
 father settled her dowry on the installment plan.

Christianity Safe.

AT a recent gathering in Boston, Bipen Chadra
 Pal used these words:

"I am not ashamed of appearing before you as a
 heathen. Heathen means one who is not a Christian,
 and I am not ashamed of confessing that I am not a
 Christian. If I had any doubt on the subject when I
 left India, the two years in Christian England and
 Christian America and the closest study of the religion amid the fogs and
 mists of London, on the streets of Chicago, in Boston, New York, and other
 places has removed every bit of doubt. I am prouder than ever of being a
 heathen, as distinguished from being a Christian."

The impertinence of it! Now every Christian knows
 that a heathen is a bad thing. A liar is a bad thing.
 Therefore Bipen Chadra Pal is a liar.

So we are all right, after all!

The Right Training.

"WHY don't you make your boy read Shakespeare
 instead of all those prurient French novels?"

"We are fitting him to be a theatrical manager."

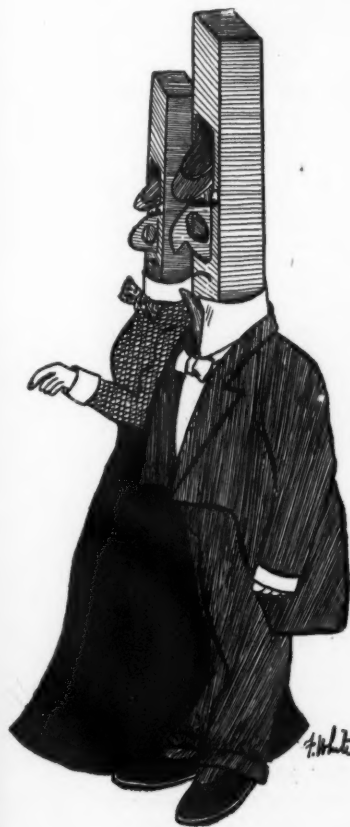
SHE: Do you think in, say, two years I could sing in
 opera, professor?

"Hardly that. But you are pretty sure of a roof garden."

"SHE said I might kiss her on either cheek."

"What did you do?"

"I hesitated a long time between them."



PLANE PEOPLE.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

A GAIN you are invited to remember that three dollars sends a child to the country for a fortnight.

The house at LIFE's Farm has been scrubbed from roof to cellar. All is in perfect condition, even to the grass, the trees, the flowers and the fresh air. These last-mentioned things are cheap at any price, especially to a city child. Three dollars will give him a two-weeks' gorge of all of them, including more food than he can get away with; and the food is of the very best.

Marshfield, the Observer. By Egerton Castle. Chicago and New York: Herbert S. Stone and Company.

This collection of stories contains several that are striking, though, be it said in passing, they are not meant for the nursery. "The Observer" has witnessed a number of interesting things, but unfortunately he is a bit pedantic in his way of relating them.

The Money Sense. By John Strange Winter. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

There is one question that the perusal of this story brings constantly to the reader's mind: Can the author of "Bootle & Baby" have sold the right, title and good-will in the *nom de plume* of "John Strange Winter" to some bungling apprentice in the world of letters? If so, this book is explained. In any case, admirers of Mrs. Stannard's charming work will keep a pleasant memory unspoiled by not reading this unworthy and repulsive story.

The Boarder of Argyle Place. By George Tolle. New York: R. F. Fenno and Company.

To anyone wishing to kill an hour this bright little book is heartily recommended as a weapon. It is, we believe, Mr. Tolle's first publication. As our country contemporaries say, "Come again, George."

The Booming of Acres Hill, and other stories. By John Kendrick Bangs. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

A collection of stories, many of which appeared originally in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. They relate, for the most part, to the town of Dumfries Corners and its inhabitants, and the feeling one has "after taking" is devout thankfulness that one lives elsewhere. It is difficult to say whether Mr. Bangs wrote them down to the level of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, or whether Mr. Bok chose their author knowing him to write upon the level he desired.



AT LIFE'S FARM.
MORNING EXERCISE.

The Latest Books.

Fruitfulness. By Emile Zola. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

In his latest work M. Zola, under the thin disguise of the story, discusses, from every standpoint, the importance to national progress of the natural increase in population. That this truth may need to be impressed upon the present generation in France may well be true, but that there is any call for such a book on this side of the Atlantic, or that it will find many readers here, is doubtful. The translator, Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, has had a difficult task in making the book presentable in English form; but while he has done the necessary pruning smoothly, his translation shows many faults.

Itua. By Edmund P. Dole. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

A page from the legendary history of old Hawaii. This poetic story, at once dainty and strong, and told in so charming a style, gives us a glimpse of the literary possibilities that are hidden in the folk-lore of our new island in the Pacific.

The Garden of Eden. By Blanche Willis Howard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A sad story sweetly told. An additional interest is lent the book by the conviction that forces itself upon one that the author has put much of her own story in its pages, and her recent death gives it the interest that attaches to what may be called an autobiographical novel.

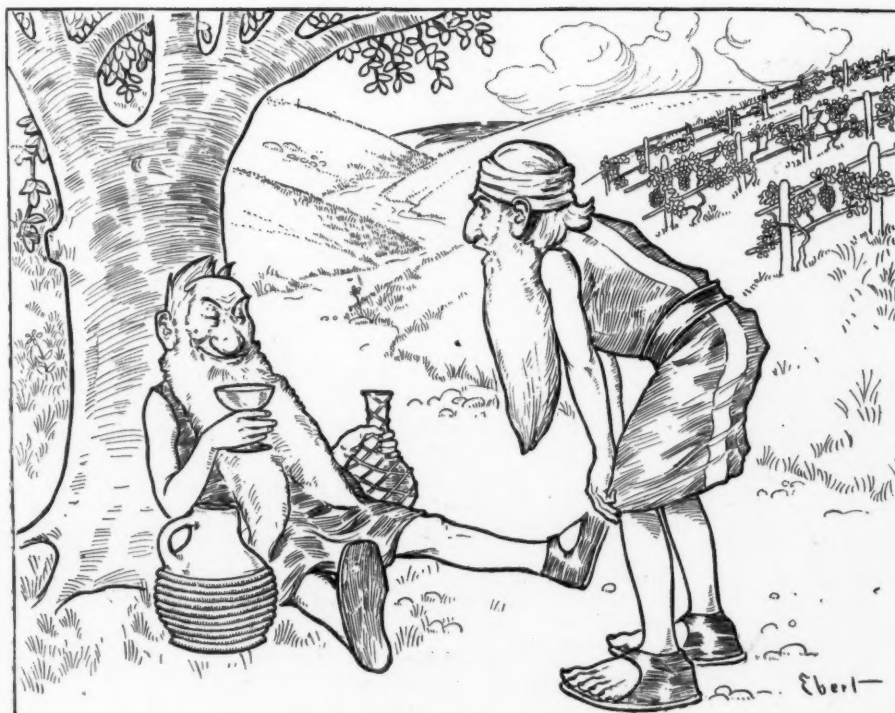
PHILOSOPHER (*smiling weakly*):

Well, this is the supreme test.

WIFE: What is, my dear?

"The editor has rejected my article and writes: 'I trust this verdict will be accepted with the same cheerful philosophy you exhibited in your writing.'"

A SATIRIST is a man who discovers things about himself and then says them about some one else.



IN 1900 A. M.

Noah: I THOUGHT YOU HAD SWORN OFF FOR THIS CENTURY?

Methuselah: JUSH DISCOVERED CENTURY DON'T BEGIN 'TIL NEX' YEAR.

Danger.

SOFT music is beguiling,
But so are girls when smiling.
A smile, a muslin gown, a
curl—
Take care! a snare,—the
Summer Girl.

The American Novel.

THE Great American Novel is a literary will-o'-the-wisp; every literary fellow sees it dancing distantly, deceitfully, and follows it furiously, fatuously, and grasping it, captures—a mud bath. The layman with a memory recalls that it was written, read and rejected in the past. Cooper wrote barrels of it; Hawthorne did it; Mark Twain did it and we laughed, and refused to take him seriously. We are still crying for it; the contemporary American novel is not it.

The Tennessee novel with its moonshine and murder, its fury feuds and flapdoodle, its hereditary taste for homicide and hill hostilities, its intolerance of plain United States and other

luxuries, is not American, not great, not good.

Mr. Howells produces chemical analyses of impulses and passions, and can give minute plans and specifications of a tepid and highly respectable flirtation between two neutral-tinted inanities; but there is less blood in his characters than in an ordinary, time-tested, Chicago stockyard sausage. Mr. Howells' nice taste for microscopy, turned to the useful channels of entomology or bacteriology, could have produced a more enduring brand of fiction. The Chicago skyscraper and apartment house school of fiction depresses increasingly with the altitude of the builder. Its self-made men and tailor-made women are not enthralling and do not appeal violently to a continent that is shy of Chicago at its best.

The Colonial novel is the very

latest thing in American fiction; it is very fictitious and not very novel. The Puritan as a lover is a humorous but not a fascinating creation; he warms and illuminates a reader like a candle in a cold storage vault. New England is not Italy; their climates are different; and the colonial practice of "bundling" was not productive of Romeos, even of an expurgated and Semitic Shakespeare kind.

Time, tobacco, niggers and imagination have produced the Cavalier who does hefty things in the Virginia colonial novel; he has been a favorite literary asset for many years. While the original settlers of Virginia may have been ordinary, middle-class Britons, indentured servants and unconventional gentlemen with ball and chain adornments, their descendants are willing to accept them all as cavaliers—curls, feathers, boots and all—without demanding a bill of particulars. Puritan and Cavalier are the leading "gents" of the Colonial novel; and when sandwiched



Caterpillar: GUESS I'LL STAY AND GET A HAIR CUT.

in with a few pirates, Indians and haughty aristocrats, an occasional ruffian and a poor but virtuous convict, they make the ideal colonial fiction of to-day.

The novel of the 400—New York or Kansas City—is merely an affair of millions, manners—had preferably—millinery and mediocrity; only that. There is usually more flesh and blood in a cineometagraph than in a fashionable novel, which has no character, national or otherwise.

The real, juicy, American novel, full of men and women with American ideas, and good, red blood in their necks, and dealing with real American life, has not appeared for an age. When a writer appears with a strong, stout quill and a full pot of ink, who has genius and not a weak chest, whose experience of life is not confined to a flat, a conventicle, and a back street, who knows grass, trees, mountains and brooks from asphalt, rubber plants, skyscrapers and sewers, we may perhaps get a novel, a great American novel, which we can take into our household without sterilization or expurgation, and throwing it on the table exclaim loudly and defiantly, "Read that; there's the real thing."

In that great day—the dawning of the millennium—heroes will be out of literature, presidents will be vertebrate, magazines will have only forty pages of ads to two of reading matter, Hearst and Pulitzer will be in museums of anatomy, Bok will be cannon-ized, Syndicates will be in the Siberian mines, and Minerva may amble round Central Park in an automobile, conscious that Pegasus is getting A No. 1 oats and is not being clubbed by a hack writer disguised as a hackman. All hail the day!

Joseph Smith.

THE majority rules, but it is the minority that makes history.



FOUR YEARS AGO WE PUBLISHED THIS PICTURE ILLUSTRATING THE CONDITIONS IN ARMENIA.



IN THIS SECOND SCENE THE FEMALE FIGURE REPRESENTS DUTCH INDEPENDENCE IN SOUTH AFRICA. BY ALLOWING THE TURK AND JOHN BULL TO CHANGE PLACES THE PICTURE IS UP TO DATE.

England's Triumph.

GOD in far heaven with a frown
In anger turns His face,
While ruthless England tramples
down

One more unhappy race.
The selfish world stands by to see,
Nor lifts a helping hand,
Watching incarnate tyranny
Triumph in one more land.

Lo! England prays in minsters
high

For mercy, justice, peace;
While 'neath th' whole circle of the
sky

Her warfares never cease.
The blood of hapless Zulus slain
Reeks from the stolen sod;
And butchered Maoris, killed for
gain,
Carry the prayer to God.

Though brave men seek the wilder-
ness,

The last hope of the free,
Insatiate on their trek no less
Tracks greedy tyranny.

Dead faces set in deathless ire
Witness to manhood's worth,
Where England writes in blood and
fire
Her title to the earth.

For lust of gold is England's creed;
Her gospel that of fight.
Her honor eaten out by greed,
She knows no right but might.
How long, O God of justice named,
How long shall these things be?
Till England's brutal pride is tamed
No weak land may be free!

Arlo Bates.

Getting It Over With.

"PAPA, will you give me a
good, sound licking?"

"What for, Bobbie?"

"Well, I am going to sneak
off and go in swimming, and I
don't want to be bothered with
a future."

COUNTRY COUSIN: But,
somehow, the men don't
seem to take to me.

CITY COUSIN: What can you
expect, dear? You don't drink;
you don't smoke; you don't
talk either golf, science or
slang.



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IS THIS WHY THE AVERAGE HUSBAND AND





ONLY THE GHOST OF A SHOW.

Certain.

SHE: Papa is much opposed to our marriage.

HE (*haughtily*): You don't suppose he has any doubt that I cannot take care of you?

"Oh, no. He says there is no doubt about it."

'Tis Often Thus.

IN sweet accordant blent, fond cooing doves;
One warp and woof of knitted tastes—one heart—

One soul, transfixed by winged boy's deadly dart—
One mutual renouncement of past loves—

One world—twin spirits. Bliss? Well, just a few!
And not a cloud in all the vault of blue—
When they were two.

Two jarring discords jolt the joyous theme
Thrill'd Fancy trilled in buried bygone days—
While faint they hear at times in lonely ways
The echoed music of their broken dream.

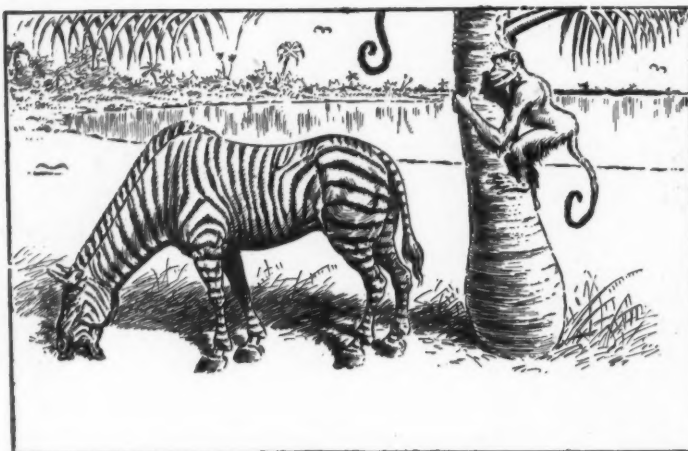
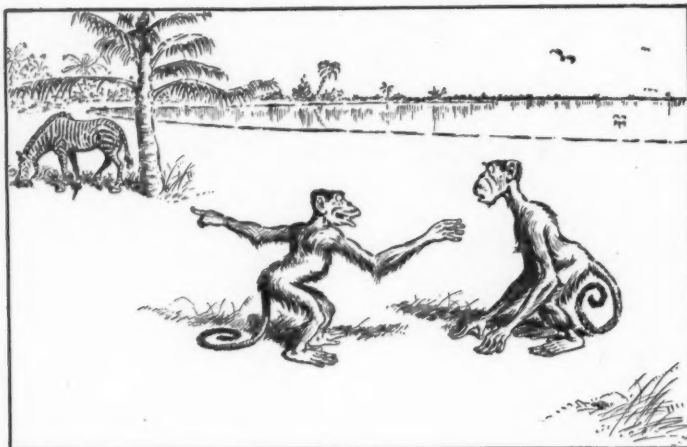
The fog, forlornly drifting, veils the sun—
The winds are wailing and the skies are dun—
Now they are one.

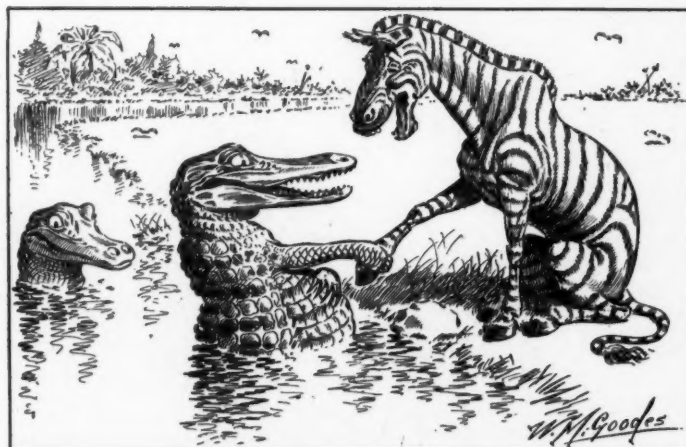
Olin L. Lyman.

HE: Would you mind a little temporary inconvenience, dear; a few years of poverty when you marry me?

"Good gracious! Don't you expect to live any longer than that?"

SOME FUN WITH THE ZEBRA.





Is It?

IF the following is a compliment to our President, it gives us pleasure to reproduce it. The concluding sentence is certainly a tribute to somebody:

Abuse of the Administration by men like General Lew Wallace, who is a Republican and one of the original McKinley men, is most unreasonable. They knew all about the individual whose personality and debts they were unloading upon the country, when they made him President. They knew his limitations—that he was in fact very much like themselves—not to be trusted out of sight. McKinley is a typical conservative citizen. If one were looking for a man to represent the political ethics of his party, the search would stop with McKinley. He is a smug hypocrite, and personifies the cant and pietism of his fellow church-members. He has the artfulness of the ecclesiastic and the trickery of the political demagogue. As an expositor of sham patriotism and of piety and pretense, he has no mate. He voices more completely than any other individual, that ready-made article called Public Opinion. He is prepared to repeat and to swear to all the conventional lies of our civilization. There are some things about the American people, as about every other people, that make them appear silly to the eyes of a despiser of shams; and all this correlated contemptibleness is concentrated and consecrated in McKinley. They might elect Dewey or Roosevelt to show their admiration for personal bravery; or Jeffries in recognition of his physical prowess; or Mark Twain for his genius; or Rockefeller for his wealth. It is even conceivable that they might elect Bryan because they believed him fit for the office. But the re-election of McKinley would be a tribute to humbug, pure and simple. And I am not sure that any other kind of a President could give us a successful administration.

George E. Macdonald in *Truth-seeker*.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, 10TH MAY, 1900.

THE EDITOR, LIFE, NEW YORK.

DEAR SIR: I am glad to note that a Canadian has (also) called attention to the map which, in a former letter, I ventured to describe as misleading.

We have nothing to say about what you describe as the "stupidity and injustice of the Philippine campaign," as we give your people credit for knowing more of the merits of the case than ourselves, and we do not look on you as a nation of cowards, liars and thieves.

We, however, are always glad of intelligent criticism, and had you confined yourselves to the rights or wrongs of this struggle, we might regret if prejudice appeared to mislead you, but we would not resent an honest mistake.

What we do resent, and take to be a clear proof of prejudice, is that, although it is not the soldier's province "to reason why" ("Theirs but to do or die"), you had no word of praise for the successful manner in which our men held their own against enormous odds, when acting on the defensive, and yet, when the position is to some extent reversed, you misinterpret the strength of the two forces, profess to believe that we are fighting the Boers only, and accept as "gospel" the stories told by our friends (?) who will continue to support the Boers so long as food, arms, and men can be exchanged for gold stolen from the Uitlanders.

I wonder what these friends (?) would say if we proposed arbitration to assess the amount of consequential damages sustained by their action, and we succeeded in making a handsome profit out of the award?

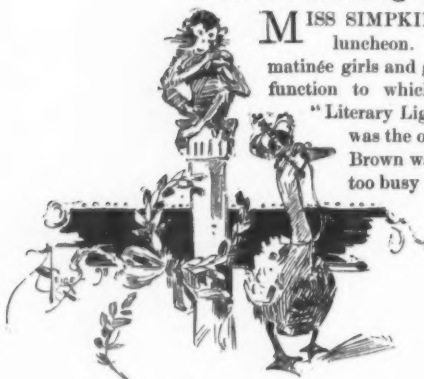
Yours very truly,

Northumbrian.

Our sympathies and best wishes are unequivocally with the Boers in this South African matter, but "Northumbrian" is in error when he implies that we look upon the English as a "nation of cowards, liars and thieves."

We refuse to accept Cecil Rhodes and the Honorable Chamberlain as fair samples of any English-speaking people.

At a Gathering of Genius.



MISS SIMPKINS had been invited to a luncheon. Not a usual gathering of matinee girls and giddy young matrons, but a function to which many women known as "Literary Lights" were bid. She, in fact, was the only unimportant guest. Mrs. Brown wanted some one, who was not too busy being famous, to appreciate the others. She mused as she read her invitation.

"Well, if I am to be part of the scenery, I will at least be a magnificent background." So she donned her most stunning frock.

"I really don't suppose they will talk of a thing I can even understand," she thought as the fatal hour approached. "I'm rather sorry now I accepted. I thought it would be such fun to say I had met all these noted women. However, there is one comfort, they will probably not notice me. Of course, their minds are miles beyond noting people's clothes and that really is my only recommend. I hope I shall be able to remember some of the clever things they say; it will certainly be a great education to me to just sit back and listen."

The buzz and chatter was very like the ordinary female noise to which she was accustomed, but she murmured appropriate pleasant-ries to each and sat down a little nervous but resolved to look interested at least. This is what she heard:

"So sorry I am late but the wretched dressmaker kept me."

"So glad you liked it; my publishers are delighted, of course."

"Yes, I met him the other night, he is perfectly charming."

"Such hair, and he really is not a bit conceited."

"I spent the morning shopping and am thoroughly worn out."

"No, I did not go. I hate such crushes, you know."

"No, I have not read it, I get very little time for reading."

"What an extremely nice entrée this is. My cook is really a tragedy this winter."

"So sorry I was out, do come again soon."

"Yes, I saw it last night; stunning leading man she has."

"I had such a fright last night. A man sitting next me in a car became suddenly insane."

"Oh! what a stunning incident. What magnificent material."

"Yes, I shall write it into my next story."

(Chorus, as they rise to leave.)

"Perfectly charming time, enjoyed it so much."

"Well, dear, how did you enjoy it?" asked the hostess as the last genius departed, and Miss Simpkins arose to go.

"Well, it really seems incredible to me that those people are capable of the work they do. I never heard anything more stupid than their conversation," said Miss Simpkins, impolitely, for she felt that she had been cheated.

"Why, my dear, stupid girl, people of their distinction do not have to exert themselves to be entertaining. It is enough that they are present. Their brilliancy is for publication only."

"It has been an education after all," meditated Miss Simpkins, as she went home.

M. Y. L.

JOLIBOY: I see that another minister has made it a rule not to marry divorced persons.

GAYBOY: Is that so? Well, if ministers are not more careful they may soon find themselves debarred from good society.



An Easy Way Out.

ONE of the most painful tricks that the newspapers play on us, is to garble the speech of any man on a subject upon which he is thoroughly informed, and capable of enlightening the public.

The rule is to cut the speech in proportion to its value.

For example, Carl Schurz recently made one of the ablest arraignments of the present Administration that has been made, which, in a comparatively brief space, contains just the kind of truths that should be brought home to the American people.

Mr. Schurz made the following facts apparent:

First—That Congress had solemnly declared in the beginning that Cuba ought to be free and independent.

Second—That before the treaty with Spain, those who knew, from Dewey down, had declared the Filipinos even more capable of governing themselves than the Cubans.

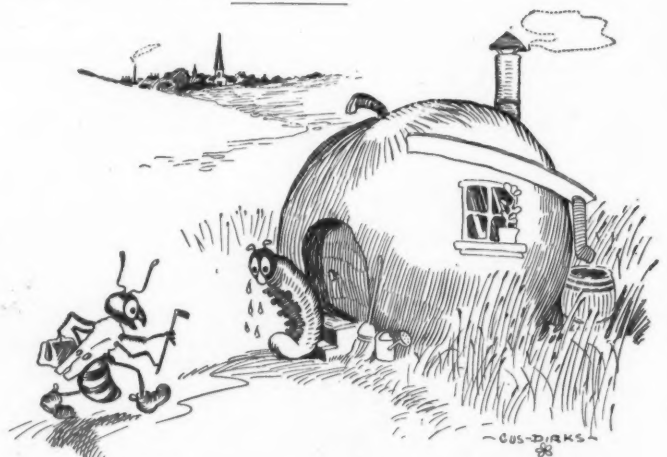
Third—That while the Filipinos were fighting for us and against Spain, as our allies, we permitted them in every possible way unofficially to believe that we were helping them to their independence. And after we had bought off Spain, basely turned on them.

Fourth—That we have been, and are now, engaged in killing off these people at the rate of one thousand to fifteen hundred a month, for the purposes of "Benevolent Assimilation."

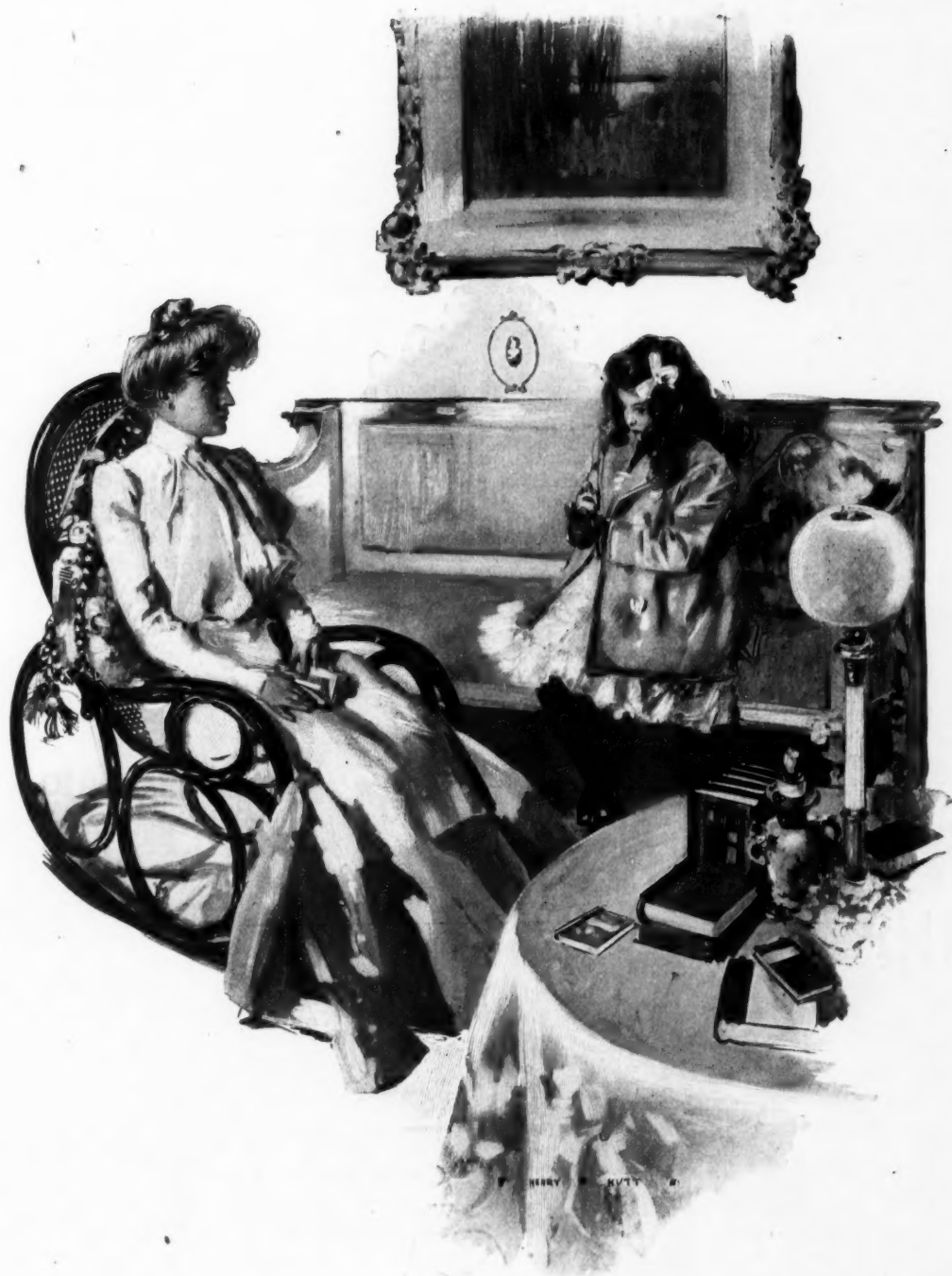
Fifth—That the entire Administration, from the President down, and aided and abetted by the press, has been engaged in a systematic attempt, by misstatements and other tricks, to keep the actual facts from the people.

Mr. Schurz challenged denial of these facts, and his challenge has remained unanswered. All the Republican papers either ignored his statements completely, or slurred them over.

It takes a prize-fight or a poisoning case to bring out the resources of our daily press.



Mrs. Apple Worm: OH, DOCTOR! I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME! WE'VE MOVED INTO A GREEN APPLE, AND NOW ALL THE CHILDREN HAVE THE CRAMPS.

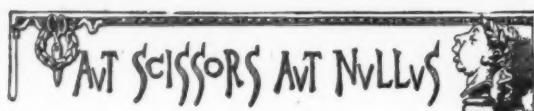


LIKE GROWN-UPS.

"OH, GERTRUDE! SO NAUGHTY! AND YET YOU PRAYED THIS MORNING TO BE MADE A GOOD GIRL."

"BUT, MAMMA, I DIDN'T MEAN RIGHT AWAY."

· LIFE ·



CHARGE OF ALFRED AUSTIN.

(Written under the inspiration and in humble imitation of his great lyric on the relief of Mafeking.)

Waiting, with pen in hand,
For triumph of England
On South Africa's strand
Sat the laureate
Fornist a writing-pad—
Desire frantic he had
To make Englishmen glad
With rhythmic tre-at.
Hark! 'tis the newsboys now
Blooming in the air row:
"Hextry! Mafeking safe!" Enow
For the glad poet;
Dashed he to pad his pen
Charged prosody rules then,
As he did before often
Or I'm a go-at.
Charged he with broken met-
res and with uneven feet,
Accent stress misplaced, great
Pronunciations;
Fled prosody pell-mell,
Dactyl and spondee fell
While wrote Alfred like—well—
Startling the nations.
Lo! he is at it yet,
Swats trochees—en effet
Slaught'ring—nor up he'll let—
Tired of it are you?
When shall he out be played?
His pen cruel be stayed?
Oh! the wild poem he made—
Wouldn't it jar you?
—Patrick J. Tansy, in New York Sun.

CARL HERTZ, the noted conjurer, has rather a horror of small-boy confederates, and no wonder. On one occasion he was performing in London, and, borrowing half a crown from one of the audience, he placed it in the centre of an orange. The idea of the trick was for the coin to disappear and find its way into the pocket of a youngster at some distance from the stage. Mr. Hertz, at the proper moment, called upon a boy in the crowd to produce it. Fumbling in his pockets for a moment or two, while all eyes were turned upon him, the boy at last fished out a quantity of small change.

"Here's two and threepence-halfpenny, sir," he shouted; "I got thirsty, so I changed that half-crown you gave me."

—Argonaut.

THE talk about the revision of the Westminster Confession has brought to light a poem written by a clergyman who was settled in Malden, Mass., from 1856 to 1705. It was a description of the Great and Last Judgment, and the poet thus represented the Lord replying to the cry for mercy from babies that had not lived a day:

You sinners are, and such a share as sinners may expect
Such you shall have; for I do save none but my own elect.
Yet to compare your sin with theirs who lived a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less, though every sin's a crime.
A crime it is, therefore in bliss you may not hope to dwell,
But unto you I shall allow the easiest room in hell.

—N. Y. Tribune.

WHEN James Whitcomb Riley and "Bill" Nye traveled together giving a joint entertainment, the humorist had great fun with the poet. Once, in introducing Riley and himself to an audience, Nye remarked:

"I will appear first, and speak until I get tired; then Mr. Riley will succeed me and read from his own works until you get tired."—Argonaut.

In the "Humors and Blunders" corner of the *Library Journal* we find the following tribute to contemporary literary fame:

SMALL GIRL (at the delivery desk): Will you give me the book my sister wants?

LIBRARIAN: But what book is it?

SMALL GIRL: Oh, I don't know. But she wants it very much.

LIBRARIAN (at a venture): Is it "To Have and to Hold?"

SMALL GIRL: Yes; that's it—all I could think of was "If you get it, keep it."—*Evening Post*.

THE shade of Bonaparte came up to where Cronje sat smoking.

"General," began the great Napoleon, "of course you came to this island on an English ship."

"Quite right, General," responded Cronje.

"And did you stand near the rail in bold relief?"

"Yes, General."

"And your back was turned on the officers?"

"I think so, General."

"Then the material for the magazines of future generations is assured."—*Chicago News*.

A CINCINNATI man, having bought some red flannel shirts which were guaranteed in every respect, came into the place of purchase after a fortnight and complained that the article was not what it was said to be.

"Why not?" asked the clerk, "have they faded or shrunk?"

"Faded! shrunk! Young man, when I came down to breakfast with one of them on, my wife asked me:

"What are you wearing my pink coral necklace around your throat for?"—*Exchange*.

SMALL talk is the art of speaking before you think.

—The Club Fellow.

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(Mention this magazine)

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All lovers of good living will find in this article a delicious and palatable addition to their dinner or evening entertainment. A little "Kremette," added to a punch-glass of vanilla ice cream, will give you the successor to the Roman Punch. If you want something distinctly new, serve your guests with "Kremette Punch."

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G. F. Heublein & Bro., Sole Proprs.
Hartford, Conn. New York, N.Y.

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Twin-Screw Cruising Yacht "PRINZESSIN VICTORIA LUISE." (450 Feet Long.)

THE FIRST CRUISE, for which the following itinerary is proposed: from Hamburg, September 25; from Cherbourg, September 27, 1900. Direct connection can be made from N. Y. by the S. S. Auguste-Victoria, leaving N. Y. Sept. 13, 1900, due in Cherbourg Sept. 20 and in Hamburg Sept. 21, 1900, or by earlier steamer of this line, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Nice, Genoa, Athens, Constantinople, Jaffa (Jerusalem), Port Said (Suez and Suez Canal), Suez, Aden, Bombay (visits to Poona, Khandala, Karli, Kharli, Elephanta Island). At Bombay passengers may leave the yacht and make the grand overland tour through northern India, visiting *Jaipur, Delhi, Agra, Calcutta, Lucknow, Benares, Darjeeling and Calcutta*, where they will again board the "Prinzessin Victoria Louise," which will have proceeded from Bombay via Colombo to Calcutta. The cruise will be continued to Singapore, Manila, Hongkong (excursion to Macao and Canton), Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe. (Inland tour to Higo, Osaka, Nara and Kyoto). The steamer then proceeds to Yokohama (Enoshima and Kamakura), Miyazaki, Tokyo, Kobe, Honolulu, thence to Hilo and San Francisco, where the American passengers will leave the yacht, and from where they will receive transportation to their homes. **THE SECOND CRUISE**, starting from San Francisco on Jan. 20, 1901, will follow about the same itinerary as above in reversed order. For further particulars, rates, etc. address **HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE**, New York, 37 Broadway; Chicago, 159 Randolph St.; San Francisco, 401 California St.; Boston, 80 State St.; St. Louis, 100 No. Broadway.

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FOND MOTHER (to very busy brother-in-law): You might look after Freddie while I'm out. See that he doesn't play with the coals or get into mischief, and if he cries give him a piece of chocolate; there's some in the dining room; and if that doesn't stop him, run him round the room on your back—he loves it. But on no account let him be a nuisance to you!

—News Letter.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

Commonwealth Avenue. Electric Lights. New and most approved plumbing.

DETECTIVE: Did you see a man and woman driving past here in a buggy about an hour ago?

Mrs. BLANK: Yes.

"Ah, we're getting on track of them! What kind of a horse was it?"

"They were driving so fast I didn't notice that. But the woman had on a Scotch mohair and wool jacket of turquoise blue, last year's style, with stitched lines, a white piqué skirt with deep circular flounce, a satin straw hat, tilted and rather flat, trimmed with hydrangeas and loops of pale blue surah, and her hair was done up pompadour. That's all I had time to see."—Chicago Tribune.

TRY IT. Once used it takes the precedence of all others—Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It has a most delicious bouquet.

"I see that a Baltimore girl was ejected from church for flirting with the leader of the choir."

"Yes, they are quite strict in Baltimore. It appears that the girl was not a member of the church."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

U. S. GOVERNMENT VOUCHES FOR EVANS.

The U. S. Senate Committee on Manufactures, appointed to investigate the adulteration of food products, has issued its report, which includes a full analysis of Evans' Ale, and shows it to be a most pure and healthful product.

ANALYSIS:

Present Specific Gravity.....	1.007
Absolute alcohol (by weight).....	6.67
Volatile acidity (as acetic acid).....	0.075
Total unfermented solid extract.....	4.93
Fixed acidity (as lactic acid).....	0.18
Fermentable sugar in extract.....	0.80
Ratio of fermentable to non-fermentable matter.....	1: 5.16
Original gravity of wort (about).....	1.075
Real degree of fermentation.....	75%
Condition of liquid when received.....	brilliant
Odor and taste.....	aromatic; clean
Foam-keeping qualities.....	very good
Condition after forcing.....	unchanged
Stability.....	perfect

Evans' Ale and Evans' Stout are used extensively in the U. S. Marine Hospital Service.

RUPERT: It was a strange case! He left the club one night to go to the opera and was never seen or heard of afterward!

HAROLD: Disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up, eh?

"More so, if possible. In that case he might have left his hat above ground, or there might have been a crack left to show where he disappeared, but this fellow, mind you, disappeared as completely as if he had married an authoress!"

—Puck.



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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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APPLES LIKE THEM.—Moonshine.

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